UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

The United States Faces Japan - - - - - - - - - - - *J. Max Weis*

The Paradox of Dearborn - *S. D. Schwartz*

Pilgrimage—1939 - - *Lillian Browne-Olf*

Poetry of the Year—*Ralph Cheyney*

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Hearts Free from Hate

Meeting for the first Thanksgiving service after the outbreak of the war in Europe, the undersigned herewith express their common convictions concerning the duty of the United States and of the forces of organized religion in this crisis.

We must begin by accepting some share in the guilt. If the churches had moved men's hearts to recognize and resist the evils of war, there might have been no such catastrophe as confronts the world today. If the United States had been more generous toward war-torn Europe, if it had been more helpful in the creation of a world order, there might be today not the sword but peace.

Not only because of our sense of responsibility but also because of our feeling of kinship with those who must fight and die in this war, we wish to keep our hearts free from hate. May our actions be moved by compassion, not passion; may we cherish the best in the human spirit in order to help and to heal.

As we mark the catastrophic consequences of the last war, the negation and travesty of everything for which the peoples fought, we are convinced more definitely than ever that wars, this war included, solve no problems. They only perpetuate and intensify and spread the evils against which ostensibly they are fought. Therefore, we regard not dictators, not nations, but war itself as the chief enemy of mankind, and we dedicate ourselves to do everything possible to eliminate it from the affairs of mankind.

We will seek, therefore, to create a just peace, not one that will contain within itself the germs of the next war. It must be a negotiated peace made by free peoples and not dictated by the sword. It must safeguard the rights of minorities and of the dispossessed.

We will do everything in our power to keep the United States out of this war, not only because we wish to spare our manhood but also because at this critical hour in history this is the best contribution we can make to the welfare of mankind. This is how we can best help to make a just, wise, and humane peace. This is how we can best keep the light of democracy burning in the world.

We will not permit our minds to be diverted by the war abroad from our paramount and inescapable duties to the welfare of the American people. We will not rest until this nation has been restored to a sound economy in which there will be work and well-being for all. We will not be content until every child growing up in this rich country shall be well-fed, well-clad, well-housed, and well-educated. We will help to protect the rights of minorities and will strive to preserve full civil liberties in this land.

. . . .

REV. DAVID RHYS WILLIAMS,
First Unitarian Church;
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UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXXIV MONDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1939 No. 8

THE PROMISE OF DAWN

We need not despair, for life is a fountain of everlasting exhilaration. No creature on earth has so tortured himself as Man, and none has raised a more exultant Alleluia. It would still be possible to erect places of refuge, cloisters wherein life would yet be full of joy for men and women determined by their vocation to care only for beauty and knowledge, and so to hand on to a future race the living torch of civilization. Out of such ashes a new world might well arise. Sunset is the promise of dawn.

—*Havelock Ellis*

THE MIGHT OF PACIFISM

It is inevitable that some pacifists should change their faith in the fierce terror of the Nazi war. The plea that this is a kind of Armageddon—a last chance to save civilization from the hand of the barbarian, must reach certain minds, even some of those which resisted the same plea a quarter of a century ago. Thus, Romain Rolland, whose support of this second World War has been duly recorded in these columns, is now followed by Rabbi Judah L. Magnes, of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, noblest and sincerest of men. Magnes suffered cruelly for his pacifism in 1917-19, but now sees this battle against Naziism as a struggle which must enlist his support. What is remarkable in the present situation, however, is not these few men who have turned away from their former convictions, but the vast majority who are standing firm under the terrific pressure of the growing fear and hatred of Hitler. More remarkable still is the number of those who were supporters of the last war, but have learned their lesson and are pacifists, or anti-war men, now at any cost. Most remarkable are the members of the new generation, young men and women all fresh to this great crisis, who in numbers never known before are washing their hands of war and all its works, and facing without flinching the peril of refusing to take up arms. We venture to assert that never before in history has pacifism been the formidable force in fashioning the destiny of mankind that it is today. Hitherto, apart from certain groups like the Quakers, pacifists have been a scattered few lonely and isolated individuals. But now they comprise a great company who are enlisted to serve God's kingdom rather than any nation anywhere. It is like the early days of the Christians come back again, with the impressive difference that the pacifists today are far more numerous in relation to our modern world than the Christians of the first century were in relation to Rome. We are coming to feel that at last the time is at hand when pacifists may be so strong as to count as a definite influence in the policies of governments. If so, the dawning of a new day is here.

FINLAND—SALUTE AND REQUIEM!

If anybody anywhere cherished any last lingering hope for Russia after the Polish partition at the hands of the twin conspirators, Hitler and Stalin, that hope was blasted at the moment when the Russian planes blasted the buildings of that idyllic capital, Helsingfors. For Germany there can be found something of a case in the Rhineland, Austria, Memel, Poland, even Czechoslovakia. By this we mean that the Nazis had some kind of reason for what they did, if what they did was itself utterly abominable as a means to a desired end. But *Russia!!* In Poland the Soviets had only the shreds of a case, and in Finland not even that. How ironical to read that even the Nazi leaders were shocked by the Red attack upon this innocent, peace-loving, inoffensive country. If Stalin had deliberately undertaken to alienate from Russia the whole conscience of mankind, to discredit utterly the revolution, and to make Communism forever a hissing and a byword, he could not have followed a straighter course to his traitorous goal. If anything could be worse than the actual assault upon the Finns, it was the vicious propaganda and diplomatic preparation for this assault, and Premier Molotov's indecently hypocritical apology for it. Russia is now fast-bound with Nazi Germany as a pariah state—a leprous outcast from the grace of humankind. As for Finland, the victim of Stalin's perfidy and savagery, we know no words adequate to express our pity, horror, and alarm. A lovely land, a true democracy, a simple, humble, hard-working, heroic people, an abode of genius, and a shrine of liberty, what can comfort or compensate us for her loss? On other little countries, which have suffered in this incredible crisis, there has been some stain. Poland was a cruel, reactionary, persecuting totalitarianism; Austria had murdered her Social Democrats; Czechoslovakia had imposed and maintained disabilities upon her German minorities. But Finland was void of of-

fense. She was honorable, just, free—and devoted to good will and peace. She has suffered the crucifixion of the innocent, and the world from pole to pole shudders to behold her agony. In what any longer now can we trust? How can we escape the final tragedy of doom? In mourning for this stricken country, and for the civilization for which she perishes, let us lift within our hearts the poignant strain of Sibelius' "Finlandia." *Requiem!*

NO MORE ARMAMENTS!

President Roosevelt was never "slicker" than when he stated that he would leave it to the people to decide whether they would pay for their new armaments next year by loans or by the imposition of new taxes. Note how democratic this is—to leave it to the people to decide! They do not do things this way in totalitarian countries!! But note also, if you please, how the President himself has decided, without any consultation with the people whatsoever, that we are to have these new armaments. The complete expenditure for this next year is estimated at two billion and a quarter dollars. Does Mr. Roosevelt leave it to the people to decide as to whether they shall spend this incredible sum for weapons which he so much wants? He does not! Like another Hitler or Mussolini, he himself announces that this shall be, and all the taxpayers are allowed to say about it is in reference to paying the bill. It is like asking a condemned man whether he chooses to be shot or to be hanged. What is the difference, after all, whether we take the money out of our pockets today, or borrow the money today and take it out of our pockets tomorrow? The real question is whether we are going to make ourselves poor for generations to come by paying enormous sums of money for armaments we do not need and surely will never use. For if ever the United States was safe from all foreign attack, it is today with all the great nations of the world engaged in wars which will leave them white and exhausted for a century to come. Where is our enemy? Is it Japan, bogged down in China, and face to face with the menace of Russia? Is it Germany, ringed 'round with foes that seek her ruin? "There is not a single great nation today," says General Smedley D. Butler, with his shrewd and caustic wit, "that dares to leave home." Just consider what it would mean, in a military sense, for a hostile army to cross the seas, land on these shores, and conquer this country. It is simply absurd to consider danger in such terms. And if there were danger, we have now a navy, second only to that of Great Britain, more than adequate to give us protection. Yet we are told by the administration that we must go right on adding to our armaments. Let the people speak—first, that they will not go into this war; and secondly, that they will not waste more of their substance in armies and navies!

THE SUPREME COURT SAVES US AGAIN

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the 7 to 1 decision of the Supreme Court invalidating on constitutional grounds four local ordinances restricting or denying the right to distribute circulars, leaflets, literature in public places. In one case an Oriental had been arrested and convicted under a local ordinance for handing out flyers announcing a radical meeting. In another case, a picket had been punished for distributing on the picket-line circulars explaining and justifying the strike. In still a third case a minister of the cult of Jehovah's Witnesses had been taken into custody for carrying booklets of her faith from door to door. The excuses offered for these outrages were various. A favorite one was the plea that the streets must be protected from the litter of scattered papers. Another was the argument against blocking traffic. The woman in the case of Jehovah's Witnesses was charged with going from house to house without a peddler's license. All these excuses are now swept completely away by the Supreme Court which declares that basic human rights under a democracy are here involved. Under the First Amendment to the Constitution, the humblest citizen has an inalienable right to state and disseminate his views. One way of doing this—for many persons the only way!—is to print cheap circulars or leaflets, and distribute them by hand to the general public. Provisions for protecting streets and homes must not be allowed to interfere with this right to utter and scatter opinions. Of course if a man deliberately throws papers into the street, he may be arrested; but handing circulars to individuals willing to receive them is not thus littering the streets. Of course a community may exact a license from a peddler selling goods from door to door; but distributing religious or other literature does not come into this category. So all these four ordinances were swept away, and never again can such ordinances be passed and enforced in any city or village of the land. Henceforth and forever the people are to be free to print and distribute as they please. All of which is grand! But there remains the immensely disquieting fact that these cases had to be carried 'way up to the Supreme Court to get a favorable decision. The lower courts without exeption declared them constitutional. At the risk of being cited for contempt, UNITY wants to say that it regards the judges of these lower courts as bad lawyers and worse Americans. And thank God once more that we have a Supreme Court unpacked and unweakened.

IS PROHIBITION COMING BACK?

Stanley High, in his recent article in the *Saturday Evening Post,* is not sure. But he is emphatically sure that the "dry" movement has come to life again, is winning amazing victories unreported in the liquor-ad. supported daily press, and will soon be giving "booze" the fight of its life. In other words, the pendulum has

swung again, and the nation is moving right straight back to the abolition of alcohol, if not by the prohibition-federal amendment method, then by some other method equally effective. Since Franklin D. Roosevelt lifted his jaunty "hail to repeal" in 1933, nearly 10,000 towns and villages, one-fourth of the nation's total, have voted "dry." Steadily, year after year, the number of citizens who would vote back prohibition, as revealed by the Gallup Poll, increases; it now stands at 36 per cent. The last fiscal year (1938) showed the first decline since repeal of the total production and consumption of liquor in the nation. The "dry" forces —the Anti-Saloon League, the W. C. T. U., and others —are militant, have large exchequers, and are winning battles. Stanley High, in his article above referred to, tells the gladsome tale of how, in legislature after legislature, liquor bills are being defeated and anti-liquor bills being passed. The present campaign, it should be said, is different from the old campaign that led to prohibition. Thus, on the one hand, emphasis is being laid on educational rather than political work. "This time," says the able Dr. F. Scott McBride, "we do not propose to get the political cart in front of the educational horse." Legal action is going to be taken only when, as, and if the people will back it up. On the other hand, there is a frank return to the local as contrasted with the national field. No longer are there any great national offices at work in Washington. "Local option" is the cry—capturing a town here, and a county there, until step by step vast areas of territory have once again been made "dry." This was done once, and it will be done again—this time to stay done through the support of a great body of educated public opinion! When repeal came, this paper prophesied that, within twenty-five years, the country would be "dry" again. We are beginning to think now that we were pessimistic. The interval may be shorter!

THE MODERN MUSIC AND DANCE

It is when a man "comes clean" that we get the truth. It is not a pleasant spectacle—to hear a man "tell all." But there are numerous instances in which this is the only way in which we can ever learn what has been happening. The recent *Saturday Evening Post* articles of General Krivitsky, now published in book form, are a case in point. The testimony of Ben Gitlow and others before the Dies Committee has disclosed at first hand what has been going on in the Communist Party in America, as Krivitsky disclosed what has been going on in the Communist Party in Russia. And now comes Artie Shaw, leader of a famous swing band, and an outstanding figure in the hotel and night-club world, to tell us about this world which has great significance in these days. Shaw has resigned his post at the Hotel Pennsylvania in New York, dismissed his band, and gone to Mexico. He's through! And what does he say? He says that the music business these days is "a racket" from which he would like to be "free for all time." He declares that his jitterbug following, like that of every other swing leader, is just "a bunch of morons." This whole world of jazz and jump "stinks," to use his own inelegant but vivid word. Equally contemptuous of Hollywood and the moving picture business, in which he has seen himself exploited for a brainless public, Shaw has now flung aside his clarinet and gone his way. We thought some "break" of this kind must come sooner or later, and we are only surprised that it has come later rather than sooner. Paul Whiteman, Benny Goodman and other band leaders are not themselves morons. They must know what they are doing —the demoralization they are spreading abroad for high financial returns. Jazz and swing and all the rest of the festering musical corruption that is now exposed to the public in modern dance halls, night clubs, hotels, and moving picture houses is just so much unspeakable "rot." To make an "art" out of it, is to debase a sacred word and deceive ourselves with inane make-believe. To think of playing this stuff for the juvenile half-wits of high society and low, who as they jigger and jitter to the blasts of saxophones, the whining of trumpets, and the snarl of drums are nearer apes than humans, is simply nauseating. It has at last made Artie Shaw sick. How much longer will his colleagues in degeneracy be able to stand it?

Jottings

Jesus said, *This do and thou shalt live.* Paul said, *Believe this and thou shalt be saved.* In the difference between these two statements lies all the difference between religion and theology.

November had two Thanksgivings, but December is to have only one Christmas. Why this gross discrimination between two hitherto innocent months upon the calendar?

"The British *Journal of Astrology* today suspended publication because of 'the uncertainty of the immediate future.'"

United Press dispatch from London.

But we thought astrology made the immediate future certain! Are even the stars failing us?

Among those who served in the American propaganda organization in the last war (1917-18), and thus helped in the business of deceiving the American people, were such men as Charles A. Beard, Will Irwin, Charles E. Merriam, Booth Tarkington, Ernest Poole, Hendrik van Loon, Roger Babson, and George Seldes. Are these men ashamed of themselves, or are they ready to serve again?

It has been officially announced that the Nobel Peace Prize will not be awarded this year, owing to the absence of a conspicuous candidate. What, no award to Stalin, just congratulated by Earl Browder for his "success in maintaining peace with all the world"! We fear these Nobel Peace Prize people are prejudiced anti-Reds.

We have recently heard a definition of statesmanship so good that we want to pass it on:

> "Statesmanship is knowing which way God is going, and getting things out of his way."

Under this definition, how many statesmen in the world may be said to qualify?

J. H. H.

The United States Faces Japan

J. MAX WEIS*

The attention of the United States is focused on January 26, 1940. On that date, its treaty of friendship and commerce with Japan expires. It is the treaty concerning which the United States last July abruptly served notice to Japan that its possible renewal would have to be viewed in the light of new circumstances.

There is no gainsaying the fact that this Japanese-United States treaty had been negotiated under entirely different circumstances in 1911. That year was the year of revolution in China when the empire was overthrown in favor of a republic. It was the year when the ten-year Anglo-Japanese alliance was under consideration for renewal by Great Britain and Japan.

That Anglo-Japanese alliance contained a definite threat for the United States. When it was originally signed in 1902, it provided that the other party could remain neutral if the one party became involved in a war. The second party was obliged to become a military ally only if two powers opposed England or Japan in a war. That understanding was revised in 1905 to provide that the two powers would fight together if either one went to war against only one nation. If Japan went to war with the United States, the British would have to fight against the United States.

The original Anglo-Japanese agreement in 1902 pledged both powers to respect the integrity of the Korean Empire. By 1905, the revised terms of the alliance recognized that Korea was part of Japan. In this connection, it should be pointed out that President Theodore Roosevelt in a secret memorandum exchanged with Japan and not considered by the United States Senate, agreed to recognize Japan's position in Korea.

Those two revisions, during the presidency of Theodore Roosevelt, made the people of the United States quite apprehensive by the year 1909 when William Howard Taft entered the White House. Another development, instigated by President Taft's administration, increased his worries about Japan. President Taft's four years were known as the "golden years of dollar diplomacy." He and his associates apparently supported the view of Senator Beveridge in 1899 that the trade of China was "the mightiest commercial fact" in the future of the United States.

With the stimulation of United States banking and railroad interests, President Taft decided, in defiance of Japan, to penetrate Manchuria as a sphere of American investment. He sponsored a proposal for the commercial neutralization of Manchuria. He went contrary to the trends of Theodore Roosevelt and Great Britain who were inclined to recognize a great part of Manchuria as Japan's sphere of interest.

By April, 1911, President Taft had pressed his "dollar diplomacy" to the point where he forced Great Britain, France, and Germany to include the United States in a four-power plan to extend a loan to the Chinese Empire. By the time that four-power consortium was signed, revolution swept China and overthrew the empire.

These financial developments had in the meanwhile thrown together Japan and Russia who only six years earlier had fought a war against each other. They even went so far as to propose the division of Manchuria between themselves before the four powers in that financial plan could make any headway. The occurrence of the revolution changed everything. The four powers agreed to include Japan and Russia in a six-power plan to extend a loan to the new Chinese republic. The several powers loaned the Chinese Republic 135 million dollars, with the United States extending only 7 million dollars. This plan of coöperation was opposed by Taft's successor, Woodrow Wilson. It was completely shelved when the war broke out in 1914.

The other important fact on the horizon in 1911 was the pending renewal of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, whose ten-year limit would expire in 1912. Since the 1905 revision of that alliance stipulated that Great Britain must aid Japan in any war in which Japan became involved, the United States government in 1911 was naturally concerned.

To offset the possibility of Great Britain fighting with Japan against the United States, the Taft administration negotiated an arbitration treaty with Great Britain, whereby both nations agreed to submit all their issues to settlement by arbitration. As a result, the renewed Anglo-Japanese alliance provided that neither party would be compelled to extend military aid to the other if the enemy were a nation with which either Great Britain or Japan had an arbitration agreement.

These several factors of the Chinese revolution, the pending renewal of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, and Japanese and Russian resentment over the Taft "dollar diplomacy" constituted the background for the treaty of friendship and commerce signed between the United States and Japan in 1911.

Even in Theodore Roosevelt's administration in the

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very first years of this twentieth century, a United States Consul in China, Mr. Willard Straight, was speaking of the duty of the United States to be the protector of China. When the World War of 1914 kept Great Britain, France, Germany, and Russia occupied, the United States undertook to halt Japan in her famous Twenty-one Demands on China in January, 1915.

The United States again challenged Japan at the Washington Conference in 1921 when she succeeded in compelling Japan to restore some territory to China and in obtaining signatures to a Nine-Power Treaty. Under that Nine-Power Treaty, the several powers agreed to respect the sovereignty and territorial integrity of China and also to consult whenever that sovereignty and integrity were threatened or violated.

The United States again challenged Japan in 1932, with the famous Stimson note relating to Japan's invasion of Manchuria. That non-recognition of territory gained through violence has continued through the administration of President Franklin D. Roosevelt, beginning in 1933.

Once again, Great Britain, France, Germany, and Russia are preoccupied with a war or with their interests in Europe. When the British and the French recently withdrew their troops from their settlements in North China, the question was promptly raised: Will the United States resume its role as watchdog over Asia? Will it again, single-handed, challenge Japan as it did on the occasion of Japan's Twenty-one Demands on China in 1915 and at the Washington Conference which upset some of the Versailles peace terms for Asia?

The initial moves have already been made in this game of deciding who shall determine the fate of China. Will Japan unhindered, decide China's future; or will Japan bow, in some considerable measure, to the will of the United States?

The United States has taken several steps to convey its mood to Japan. Last July, it served notice of examining a new commercial treaty with Japan, in the light of new circumstances. Through diplomatic channels, it has informed Japan that the new circumstances do not mean that the United States recognizes what Japan calls "a new order in Asia." Its Ambassador, Joseph C. Grew, on his recent return to Tokyo, made a blunt speech about the way Japan was proceeding in China.

The United States has shifted a considerable section of its naval arm to the Philippines, including an airplane carrier. It has set plans in motion and put proposals forward for broadening naval facilities in the Pacific. The Chairman on Naval Affairs of the House of Representatives is asking for a still bigger navy.

Furthermore, Assistant Secretary of State Sumner Welles recently repeated in a press conference, the intention of the United States to insist on Japan's recognition of the trade rights of United States citizens in China. That meant insistence on the Open Door Policy.

How far will the United States go in its dealings with Japan, while the other powers are busy in Europe? Under present conditions, Japan appears to be free to set up any kind of organization she desires in China, to the extent that she can gain Chinese coöperation. Japan fears no attack on the part of the British. She has no fears of a French attack. She has been negotiating with the Russians. It is not clear what the results of those negotiations will be. The public is wondering whether Japan and Russia are repeating their tactics of 1911 when they forgot differences and united against the "dollar diplomacy" formula proposed by President Taft.

Each day, as the shadow of the United States looms over Japan and China, the possibility increases that the Soviet Union may repeat its European maneuver to thwart Great Britain's stand against Germany over the division of Poland. The Soviet Union and Japan may decide that the eastern part of China shall go to Japan, and, roughly speaking, the western half to Russia.

In an article in a leading weekly, the New York *Times* correspondent, Hallett Abend, cabling from China, maintained that Japan resents the maneuvers of the United States, but is, at the same time, more concerned about the terms of a new commercial treaty than about the growing nearness and expansion of the United States naval forces in the Pacific. Mr. Abend argues that the Japanese require the coöperation of the United States for developing China. With Europe busy using up a considerable amount of Russia's natural resources, she cannot look to Russia for those resources, no matter how favorable a treaty she may conclude with the Soviet Union.

Mr. Abend further contends that Japan needs abundant, long-term credits to convert her conquests in China into a profitable venture.

In that article, the New York correspondent makes these startling and significant observations: "Actually," he states, "Japan's position in China in the autumn of 1939 is worse than it was in October of 1938. . . . A year ago there seemed to be a strong possibility of early disintegration of the Chinese government; today such a possibility seems unlikely. A year ago, the Japanese talked loudly of grandiose schemes of reconstruction. Companies were organized, on paper, with capital running into the hundreds and hundreds of millions. Vast railway-construction projects were touted. . . . Instead of bringing prosperity to the occupied districts of China, the Japanese have increased the poverty already existing in China."

This view of the great Japanese fear of losing the valuable economic aid of the United States was not shared by the Prime Minister of Japan. At the very time Mr. Abend's article appeared late in November, the Japanese Prime Minister stated that if the commercial treaty is not renewed in January, it would be a matter of indifference to Japan. His exact words were that "it cannot be helped." He also stated that Japan was going ahead with setting up a puppet regime under Wang Ching-wei, a former member of General Chiang Kai-shek's cabinet and once Prime Minister of China.

The public in the United States is weighing these two possible developments as the United States faces Japan: Will the United States depend solely on the alleged Japanese need of the financial and material resources of the United States, to obtain a moderation of Japanese policies in China? Or, will the United States choose to use its navy to frighten Japan, even in the face of a possible Russo-Japanese pact affecting China? The United States public will have to reëxamine its standards for judging what considerations should determine its foreign policy in the Far East, particularly in the face of the complicating Russian and Japanese factors, with the other powers at war in Europe.

Do the commercial stakes justify a major war?

Should the decision be that of a watchdog who will stake everything to prevent Japan from gaining an unchallenged success in China that might then prompt her to take the Philippines and the Dutch and French possessions in the Far East? Can the United States even think of engaging in a war in the Far East when it desires to protect the Western Hemisphere including Canada, and while the outcome of the war in Europe is still a big question mark? Will the citizens of the United States decide that a great military and naval adventure in the Far East would entail the greatest price of all—the loss of democracy at home?

These are the issues that will be debated in the weeks or months pending an ultimate decision on whether the United States shall leave its commercial treaty with Japan suspended, or negotiate a new treaty that might make for greater security for all powers that have interests in Asia.

The Paradox of Dearborn

S. D. SCHWARTZ*

In the contemplation of man's habits throughout history, one finds a marked identification of certain areas or cities with the experience of man's quest or yearning for "the good, the true, and the beautiful." We think of the sacred cities of ancient Delphi, Benares, Jerusalem, Rome, Mecca, and others, each sacred to its people because it expressed the essential genius of that people, the flowering of its soul in the fullness of its highest hopes and aspirations. Each of these cities was the center out of which went forth "the word of the Lord," bringing to countless numbers of men comfort and hope and solace for defeats in life.

As the mind contemplates these shrines of man, one is struck by the fact that not only the generations of yesterday found inspiration in these "dwelling places of the inner life," but that the generation of a newer day, our generation, is not immune from the spell of such sacred spots consecrated to the inner genius of a later day's revelation. We think of The Hague with its peace palace now supplanted by Krupp, of Geneva whose voice has been stilled by Mars, of Bayreuth and Salzburg whose heavenly harmonies have given way to the diapasons artificially created by the stupidities of an "Aryan" ideology. All this comes to mind, and then our thoughts are brought nearer home to our own fair land, a land brought into being so that a newer experiment in human brotherhood might find reality, a land "conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal."

Ours is an industrial civilization, a civilization which through miracles wrought by the arts of transportation and communication has annihilated time and space. And so we wander to a shrine of industrial America, Detroit, the home of the high priest of transportation.

A visit to the museum at Dearborn, a suburb of Detroit, is a pilgrimage, truly an unforgettable pilgrimage. Here may be seen the tools which man has used through the ages to feed and keep himself alive and "have dominion over the earth." Primitive plows, utensils of an earlier and later day, tools used for the fashioning and creating of things making life livable, instruments of every age and of every conceivable kind that man has used to mark his awareness of time, and, above all, vehicles or conveyances from primitive oxcart to speedy airplane used to transport humans all over the face of the earth. Everything man has used to carry him on land and sea and in the air is here available and may be seen and studied, thus revealing the fondly cherished illusion of progress made by the modern world.

The visitor must needs stand in awe at the display and profusion of the many objects revealing the creative ingenuity and achievement of man to overcome the burden of his human limitations, to find escape from the stark existence of the jungle's earliest denizen. A feeling of pride swells in the bosom that here truly is a shrine where man may come and be thrilled in the ecstasy of knowing that the weak and fettered biped of millennial ages has been granted the gift of hurling himself and his thought through the uncharted realms of space, and that no longer is he fettered by nature's chains. The most obdurate skeptic of the miraculous must indeed become imbued with faith that after all man has achieved a dominion which is of the essence of miracles.

These are the thoughts which occupy the mind as a visitor stands in contemplation of the institution dedicated to man's progress by the Sage of Dearborn. But there are also other thoughts which surge through the mind, thoughts which bring the deepest grief to the heart, thoughts which prompt the questioning of what value is there to all of this display, what significance can it have or what joy can it bring the heart when here in this very spot, not a stone's throw away, is a so-called priest, a devotee of religion, who uses the technique of science and progress to poison the hearts of men against each other with his foul diatribes over the air waves. Strange paradox, is it not? A museum, fitting place for the story of man's past—a shrine, most appropriately dedicated to the interment of ancient passions of hatred and envy and lust for blood, relics of ages fondly believed to have been outgrown and buried beneath the noblest flowering of religion and love for our fellowmen, which the newer dispensation of science and an enlarging conception of humanity make possible for us. Was it, forsooth, too much to expect that here truly was a museum which in its service to culture might include in its exhibits of man's past the horror perpetrated on civilization by man's inhumanity to man, by showing the inevitable decay and destruction of everything which gives life, dignity and hope whenever and wherever prejudice and hatred are permitted to flourish in the light of day?

Alas, the new museum at Dearborn, the museum dedicated not to the art and beauty of yesterday, but to the science of industry today, finds itself right in the home of a modern dervish of religion

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who by means of his forensic art would stir up ancient animosities and devilish rivalries fit only for museum chambers as memories of a haunted past and a benighted age. Is it not a paradox that here at Dearborn, shrine of one of America's greatest charlatans of religion, is a man who, claiming to be the prophet of social justice, violates every tenet of that faith? One must indeed wonder at the strange contrasts which life frequently presents. A museum, the expression of the life of yesterday, fulfilling its self-proclaiming service in the very habitation of a self-appointed conjurer of the smoldering passions of an almost forgotten past!

Burdening as these thoughts are to the ardor of the spirit, there is, however, a somewhat hopeful feeling that while this museum is a display of man's industrial evolution, a museum depicting not the forms in which he has expressed his emotions and aspirations in and towards life, destiny, art, and beauty but rather the technique whereby he has sought physical mastery over his environment, man has not allowed his sense of the scientific values to be sacrificed to his emotional prejudices. He has accepted unconditionally every contribution and assistance regardless of its racial, religious, political, or cultural origin, thus permitting the hope that science will yet vindicate humanity's striving to achieve the vision of a "Kingdom of God" in which all men are brothers, recognizing in a common God the Father who reveals Himself alike to all His children, white and black and yellow, dwelling wherever they may be, in valley and on mountaintop, each expressing the genius of his soul's endowment. As this museum expresses the development of man's scientific triumphs, may we not trust that perhaps here at Dearborn in the very home of a religious mountebank, a modern witchcraft hunter of long-exploded heresies, a new shrine bridging primitive oxcart with the soaring wings of the modern airplane will yet reveal how man may bridge ancient passions of fear and loathing into a nobler passion "to do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." Ours is the hope that Dearborn may in this, our newer age, yea, the age of industrial America, become such a shrine for all men everywhere.

Pilgrimage—1939

LILLIAN BROWNE-OLF*

From the beginning my voyage became a pilgrimage. Indeed, it was undertaken as such. Five days of perfect sailing on the *Vulcania* under a sunny sky brought us within sight of the Azores. They lay like shining jewels in the morning sunlight. We disembarked at San Miguel, the largest of the islands. Such strange foreign sights greeted our eyes as we landed from the tender!—picturesque narrow streets teeming with goats and donkeys hauling little wine and milk carts, barefooted men and boys, women balancing great bundles and stone jars on their heads, yokes of steers and cars of every vintage crowding the crooked roadways. All was animation and bustle! The city was gaily decorated with colored streamers and garlands of green foliage strung from tree to tree in the open plaza in front of the cathedral whose façade was ornamented with green boughs which gave forth a very pleasant pungent aroma. The Faithful were making ready for the festa day of the Ascension of Our Lord. We made our devotions in the cathedral and then spent the time sightseeing. The people of this Portugese possession seem very poor, rather stoical, and very independent. Their great holidays are the holy days of the liturgical year.

Back on shipboard en route to Lisbon, Portugal! Having read a great deal about Portugal, and especially about the achievements of the Prime Minister, Salazar, I was keen to learn and see all I could. I found the reports I had read authentic and impressive, as our guide, an anti-clerical and a Mason to boot, gave Salazar the highest praise. He showed us with great pride the educational center that Salazar had built and the workers' houses he had erected. These are of varied styles of architecture and full of windows, very modern as to sanitary and plumbing equipment. *Lisboa,* as the natives call it, may well be proud of her guiding spirit and of her beautiful clean city. Portugal is out of the red and on her own feet economically, due to the persistent, courageous, and tireless efforts of Salazar. It was Sunday and we attended High Mass in the Cathedral of Lisbon. Little children ran to our American Sisters and kissed the hems of their habits as they were entering the main portal. Nuns are a rare sight and the only ones the natives see are the foreign Sisters who visit the city. The service was inspiring, and the cathedral was crowded with worshippers absorbed in their devotions.

Our next stop was Gibraltar. Four of us hired a Victoria for a shilling apiece and our English driver showed us the sights. I saw no evidence of war, neither guns nor warships. Perhaps we did not see what is really there, hidden away in the bowels of the rock. But what we did see was infinitely more inspiring—flowers of every hue and species in gorgeous profusion. The Public Garden was a veritable Garden of Eden. I wrote home on a postcard: "If this is war, they say it with flowers!"

From Gibraltar we sailed on for the north coast of Africa. Algiers was our next port of call—beautiful, picturesque, oriental, wicked Algiers! After driving all over the city and up to the highest eminence (for it is a city set on a hill) where the view of the Mediterranean is superb and the villas are set in gardens like bits of paradise, marked off by flowering hedges, we stood spellbound by the view of the harbor and the coastline studded with white dwellings shimmering in the sunlight. It is here that all the diplomats and the wealthy French and English live, the overlords of the native Hebrew and Arab population. From this height we descended cautiously into the narrow, dirty, picturesque alleys of the *Kasbar.* I had an escort from the boat and a native guide who walked a few feet ahead of me. It would not be safe for women to go

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unattended into the villainy we saw so brazenly displayed on every hand, in the midst of which little children moved about with great wondering black eyes, prematurely wise. The Arabs, dressed in more or less white burnooses and turbans, are a lazy lot. They let their women do all the work. Their chief occupation seems to be basking in the sun, lolling in doorways, smoking long pipes, or drinking interminable cups of black coffee and scratching themselves. The native Jews wear red fezzes on their heads and in their quarter much petty trading is done, especially in the fish market. There are a few fine Arabian shops, where the Europeanized Arabs carry on a lucrative business.

"Home" again on the *Vulcania!* Then en route to Palermo in Sicily, where we hired a bus and drove up Mount Pellegrino, miles and miles on a serpentine route which the Faithful climb afoot on Santa Rosalie's Day. She is the patron saint of Palermo. Her grotto is enclosed in a church atop the mountain and so skillfully constructed that one cannot say where the rock ends and the church begins. It is a perfect whole. The view of the harbor is glorious from the Mount and our ship looked like a tiny toy riding the waves.

All too soon we bade farewell to Palermo in Sicily and sailed north to Naples. *Napoli* tightened the throat as always—the sheer loveliness of the Bay, with Vesuvius in the distance cast its spell as ever upon one's heart. "See Naples and die" expresses what the Italians themselves feel about that magical city. Ah, indeed, we were back in Italy! Its alluring beauty cannot be reproduced anywhere else in the entire world. The pulse beats faster and the outlook on life becomes at once more gracious. And peace dwells within the heart!

But if peace is within, we soon realized that politically Italy is concerned and anxious to protect herself from foes without. A painted inscription on a barrack-like building at the dock greets the eyes of the tourist, signed with the great characteristic "M." This message of Il Duce's, taken from some speech of his, translated reads: "If for others the sea is a highway, for us Italians it is life itself." And again on the opposite side: "Italy is an island surrounded by the sea. The sea can either imprison her or liberate her." When we sailed a few days later up the narrow Adriatic we realized how literally true those words are.

Here at Naples we drove through the city and then took the justly famed Amalfi Drive. Words cannot express the constantly changing pictures—each succeeding scene more charming than the last. *Mare, terra, coelo*—sea, land, and sky, a harmony of exquisite tones There were five Irish priests in the bus who began to sing—good strong voices. The wind blew gently through the open windows, our hearts were glad. We drove all the way to Sorrento—five unadulterated perfect hours! After luncheon we drove back to Pompeii. Vesuvius looked inoffensive, emitting a harmless steady grey smoke from its crater. We were told by our guide that in the great disaster it was only those who turned back to save their goods who perished in that eruption of the summer of 79 A. D., which destroyed the city completely. "Lay not up for yourselves treasures" came to my mind; also the memory of another whose motive was loftier, the man who lost his life because of his scientific interest in the phenomenon, the great naturalist, Pliny the Elder.

That night on deck we saw another volcanic eruption. Stromboli put on a fine show for us. Against the blue-black sky of nightfall we witnessed a column of fire, cylindrical in shape, rise up straight, massive, a veritable "pillar of fire by night." It kept its shape, then disappeared, leaving the sky blacker by contrast. Every three minutes that weird, fiery column appeared, revealing the line of fishermen's huts huddled along the coastline, until the fantastic performance was lost to view as we passed on through the Straits of Messina.

Around the toe of Italy we sailed and in the morning hours we found ourselves in the Greek sea. We landed at Patras, but found it rather a comedown after what we had seen. Then the Adriatic! Up through the fjords, in among the islands, we were skillfully navigated through shoals and narrows. The islands were verdant. Glorious clouds rode the heavens. Gulls, wings silvery-white in their flight, circled and dipped and floated above us, eager for food. We landed on the Dalmatian coast where St. Paul traveled on a missionary journey. It is only seventy miles across to the shore of Italy. Our ports of call were the ancient fortified cities of Ragusa and Dubrovnik in Yugoslavia. Ragusa is a walled city of great charm and very clean. Yugoslavia, as we drove through, looked very enterprising and self-respecting. The people are fiercely patriotic to their own groupings, and they are many.

But on to Venice—the pearl of the Adriatic! Here I disembarked, although many of my companions went on to Trieste. It rained while I was in Venice, so I took advantage of the bad weather by renewing my acquaintance with the Doge's Palace and its treasure-trove of the great Venetian masters, and with the Frari, which next to San Marco's with its acre of mosaic, is the rarest church in Venice. Titian's Assumption of the Virgin was not a disappointment after a long absence. She rose in majesty on the clouds in undiminished splendor. And the Veronese *Monstra* was a marvellous demonstration of what artists the Italians are at hanging and lighting and arranging a one-master show. More than any other canvas, the Transfiguration stands out in my memory with compelling vividness. Comparing it with Raphael's in the Vatican Museum, it seemed to me more spiritual, that Veronese had captured the divine infused light surrounding Our Lord in a nimbus of glory. Later, at the Vatican, I felt my judgment was sound. Only one other painting has quite that quality of other worldliness, that is the Crucifixion of El Greco in the Louvre.

On down to Florence via Ravenna and Ferrara! At Ravenna I laid my hand on Dante's tomb, vast thoughts of the *Inferno* and the *Paradiso* filling my mind. Yet one feels the great poet's presence far more at Florence in the Baptistry where he was given his name, and at San Gimignano where from the balcony of the Palazza Communale he harangued the crowd in the Piazza below. Eight days in Florence rekindled old fond memories. The view from Fiesole, after a summer rain with the glistening trees beaded with diamonds, was as incomparable as ever. That delectable city, Florence! One always leaves it with regret, even when Rome calls with irresistible appeal.

On revisiting Rome, after an absence of eight years, apprehensions fill the mind. One is fearful lest the changes about which the tourist publications are so eloquent have been made at the sacrifice of the old charm. Then, too, perhaps one is no longer young enough to thrill to the Rome of today! This fear

haunted me as we neared the Eternal City. But soon the magic potion was at work again! No, if one is not as young as a decade ago, one is perhaps better fitted to appraise the changes and to be amazed at the progress, *minus* the sacrifice of what was good and wise to preserve. New Rome harmonizes with old Rome. The incomparable sense of taste and artistic appreciation and historic pride of the modern Italian have resulted in that diversity in unity that is Rome today.

In Rome I lived at the Convent of San Giuseppe di Cluny. It is a French missionary order, and the nuns are fine, cultured women. Only one of them, the Irish Sister Bridget, speaks English. She and I used to have long chats together in the convent garden after supper. She had been seventeen years in India and had many interesting stories to tell me of her work as a nurse and a Religious among the natives there. The Convent is near Santa Maria Maggiore and from my room on *l'ultimo piano,* or the top floor, I had a rare view of St. Peter's dome framed in the tall trees of the garden beyond the Via Leonardo da Vinci. On the eve and night of the SS. Peter and Paul celebration, it was illumined by indirect lighting and appeared opalescent as if it were aglow *within.* The Colosseum and bits of the Forum, the King's palace, (the Quirinale), and the Emmanuele Monument formed the high spots of the view from my window.

Through the good offices of Monsignor Hillenbrand, of the Collegio Santa Maria del Lago, I was taken to the Vatican Library, and received my *biglette,* or tickets, for the Beatifications which were celebrated in the Basilica on two consecutive Sundays; that of Emilia de Vialar, foundress of the Sisters of S. Giuseppe dell' Apparizione, on the 18th of June, and on the 25th that of Giustino de Jacobis, an Abyssinian Bishop of the Congregation of S. Vincent de Paul. St. Peter's was a blaze of glory. On each of these occasions I had an excellent view of the Holy Father brought in on the *sedia gestatoria* and had a rare chance to study his face and bearing. I recalled how the late Pope, Pius XI, used to beam upon the people as they went wild, cheering and shouting *Il Papa! Viva il Papa!* Pius XII sat very still and erect, and though he was there in the flesh, his spirit seemed far away. There was an expression of wistful wonderment on his countenance that is calm and serious in repose. Thin and tall, with hands delicately modeled, he has the features and bearing of an aristocrat.

When I saw the Holy Father in a semi-private audience and he approached each of us individually, his gracious humility left me speechless. Although I had the opportunity to speak to him, I could only fervently kiss his ring, prior to his blessing, for as he stepped in front of me he bent forward and said in Italian *"Permesso"*—permit me to come and bless you. It was that gesture and one word that made me forget all the things I had intended to say to him. Afterward I felt I had missed a golden opportunity and was depressed at the thought, but I recalled a woman who could only touch the hem of His garment whose Vicar the Pontiff is, and I felt more resigned. Again it seemed to me that Pius XII is trying to get as close to the people as possible, for he dispenses with much ceremony. It is as if he were trying to overcome an instinctive desire for privacy and is mortifying himself by deliberately giving of himself to his people. After an audience with four thousand newlyweds and the semi-private audience with the group I was in, he saw the diplomats privately, for he has reversed the order of audiences which was Pius XI's plan: diplomats, semi-private, public. With Pius XII the diplomats must wait until he is through with all the others. This means a wait of sometimes an hour and a half before he can come to them. Never does he appear hurried or distracted. Every word and act of his indicate self-discipline and humility.

During the two months I was working at the Vatican Library I used to visit the Basilica almost daily and I came to know it like a familiar book. The crypt is always open, and often I went down there to pray before the tombs of Pius X and Pius XI. Now, since war has been declared, I feel the entire Christian world should pray for *peace,* that a miracle will yet save Europe from utter ruin, and that peace may obtain, peace with justice, for, as the present Pope's motto, *Opus, Justitiae, Pax,* reminds us, peace is the fruit of Justice.

I could go on indefinitely telling of the visits to *Sacro Specco* at Subiaco and of the four days spent at Montecassino, receiving true Benedictine hospitality at the Guest House there. But they should be reserved for a paper on St. Benedict. Two American nuns and I shared these experiences together. One day, also, we arose early and went to the catacombs of S. Calixtus where we received Communion kneeling on the bare ground beside the statue of Saint Cecilia where her body was found intact so many centuries after her martyrdom. A young priest said his first mass that morning, and his mother, father and sister were the first communicants to receive the Host from his hands.

After many weeks in Italy, I went on from Rome to Genoa and the French Riviera to Marseilles, Avignon, and on to Lourdes in the Pyrenees. I had intended to stay at Lourdes one day and night—I stayed three! The sisters of Our Lady of the Apparition put me up at their convent. I arrived late Saturday night, after a long and tiring train ride, and yet I could not deprive myself of the privilege of taking the eight-minute walk from the convent to watch the procession by night. Along the walled roadway I followed the sound of voices until I came to the church. There, from the outdoor platform of the upper church, I watched the pilgrims with lighted tapers in their hands, weave in and out in the vast space below, singing the lovely *Ave Maria* of Palestrina. The men's strong voices taking up the chorus "Ave, Ave, Ave Maria!" echoed throughout the town, down the streets and through the valleys, all the way to the convent. Next day (Sunday) I arose at dawn. The mist was rising from the valleys. All around the convent were the snow-capped mountains. I watched the sick brought in on their litters and in their chairs to the Grotto. There they drank of the waters, both material and spiritual, and the prayers were recited after mass. "O Lord, that I may see! O Lord, that I may hear! O Lord, that I may walk!" This prayer is recited by one of the priests kneeling in the center of the concourse, and is repeated by all present.

This is the Catholic month of prayer "for our persecutors." In this world should not all men pray for strength to endure, and that those in high places in the councils of nations may be given light to see the truth and the will to follow it. For, even for them, as the poet has declared: "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."

On the Pacifist Front

[UNITY will publish from time to time, under this heading, such news as can be gathered about pacifists and pacifist activities in these war days. We earnestly invite our readers to send us such items of interest as may come to their attention.—*Editor*]

V

The *Christian Leader* publishes the following letter to the Editor by the Reverend Henry W. Pinkham, a stalwart pacifist, and frequent contributor to UNITY:

I beg leave to present a vital consideration not contained in your statement of the case, viz., that the analogy of the nation with the individual is, in the present context, false and misleading.

As I see "the mental and moral state of a man who says that when a bully attacks a weaker brother it is our duty to arrest the bully, and that when a nation runs amuck and tries by force to remake the map of the world, it is our duty to get together and curb that nation," I approve his moral purpose but deplore his mental confusion. A bully should be arrested, of course. Pacifists recognize the necessity of restraining ruffians by physical force. Pacifists as such have no objection to policing, to courts, to jails, to capital punishment. What we object to is war, that is, the wholesale killing of good, well-meaning men by equally good, well-meaning men, while incidentally children and their mothers are starved or, in these days of applied science, bombed to death. War, we hold, is inherently the extreme of irrationality, a suicidal procedure which instinct keeps the brutes from imitating.

The inference from the bully, an individual, to the nation, a population of millions of men, women, and children, is palpably a *non sequitur*. It illustrates the danger of personification which is called by J. Harvey Robinson (*The Making of the Mind*, p. 88) "one of the most noxious tendencies of the mind . . . one of the most virulent enemies of clear thinking." Here are certain pertinent differences between a nation and an individual. An individual has a body, the instrument of his behavior. He can accordingly be handcuffed, jailed, hanged by the neck. But you cannot put a nation in jail. A nation has no neck that can stretch the hangman's rope. An individual is weak, practically helpless when pitted against organized society. But there are nations which with their allies, actual or potential, are so powerful that the rest of the world could hardly subdue them by military means, while the attempt to do it would almost certainly destroy civilization. Furthermore, the individual is a moral being, responsible for what he does. But a nation as such—millions of men, women and children—is not a moral being, can do neither right nor wrong. Guilt is always personal. Burke said he did not know the method of drawing up an indictment of a whole people.

The Constitution of the United States is a classic of pacifism in reference to the relation between the states. For it gives the federal government no authority to coerce a state—which would be war—but it may coerce individual wrongdoers within a state—which is policing. Senator Borah, in his resolution for the outlawing of war (February, 1923), referred to this notable feature of our government as follows: "Whereas in our Constitutional Convention of 1787 it was successfully contended by Hamilton and Madison that the use of force when applied to people collectively, that is, to states or nations, was unsound in principle" . . . It is this foundation of our Union upon individuals, not upon "free and independent states"—as in the unworkable "Articles of Confederation" that Mr. Streit in his remarkable book, *Union Now*, has made the basic principle of his plan for a world federal organization.

Specifically, as to Hitler whom you mention. There would be some sense in advocating his assassination. Much can be said for assassination in the case of despotisms, as Wendell Phillips showed in a famous Phi Beta Kappa oration. On the whole, however, it seems to me unwise. Conditions that produce one despot are likely to produce another. But because Hitler is so inaccessible, shall millions of upright Germans be killed in order to restrain him? And the Germans are so stupid! They will not understand that we blame only Hitler, not the misguided masses whom he rules. And so they will kill millions of British and French—and Americans, if our country follows the counsel of the *Christian Leader*, and I fear—remembering 1917—that it will. How many millions, dear Mr. Editor, may well perish in order to "curb that nation"? And suppose, after all, that Hitler should be victorious—what then? I have observed that anti-pacifists invariably assume that the righteous side—that is, the side they favor—will triumph. History warrants no such assumption.

Ten thousand Germans were killed in Poland and thirty thousand wounded. There is sorrow in as many German homes. It is safe to say that several times as many Poles were killed, among whom there may have been a potential Paderewski or Chopin by whose genius the world would have been blessed. No one can measure the losses of war because no one can tell what the slain flower of the youth would have become. Will the slaughtered Germans and Poles be brought back to life by the slaughter of additional millions—Germans, and British, and French, and American? I repeat my question: How many should be killed before it will be time to say "Enough! Living human beings are preferable to corpses"?

Walter W. Van Kirk, prominent church leader recently stated the following:

Those who object to war on the ground of conscience have no desire to save their life or limb, but they do insist that whatever they do in time of war shall be done under civil and not military authority.

Support in the fight against war is coming increasingly from Roman Catholic groups. Note the following editorial from the *Catholic Worker* (New York):

To fight war we must fight conscription, the acceptance of conscription. To this fight the *Catholic Worker* pledges itself as long as we are permitted to exist.

We must face the fact that conscription of the press and the radio also is what we have to look forward to. If we oppose government measures, our groups will be broken up, our press suppressed. If we try to get out pamphlets and leaflets they will be confiscated. The authors of articles opposing the course the government takes will be arrested and jailed.

Now is the time to stress our principles of individual action, our pledge of personal responsibility. We will expect our Catholic workers to oppose, even alone and single-handed, if necessary, wherever they happen to be, in factories, on ships, in offices or in homes, the mililtaristic propaganda of wartime. We must prepare ourselves for this fight and pray for strength and perseverance.

Daily Mass and Communion are now more than ever an absolute essential of the work. Without this daily Food we are weak, we can do nothing.

St. Francis of Assisi made the refusal to bear arms a condition of membership in his Third Order. This was a revolutionary idea and did away to a great extent with the wars of the time.

Conscription did not start until 1798 when Napoleon had so depleted the army of men that he had to draft soldiers. Conscription was hated and fought as a form of slavery at the Restoration. The Popes opposed it. The German Bishops opposed it. Cardinal Mannix of Australia defeated it. It was defeated in Ireland.

We urge all our readers to enlist with us to fight conscription in America. The first act of Congress after a declaration of war will be the passing of the Selective Service Act. Let us publicize and fight this act now in order to fight war!

Roman Catholics in Europe are also active against war and conscription. Thus, *Nofrontier News Service* reports the following:

On the initiative of Roman Catholic peace movements in

various countries, a "Week of Prayers for Peace" was held from November 11 to 18, around the day of St. Albert the Great, patron saint of the Catholic peace workers.

In Bruges, Belgium, St. Peter's Abbey published a detailed program, with the special approval of the local Bishop, and distributed it widely in six languages among priests, monasteries, organizations, and laymen all over the world.

The program includes prayers for peace in the family, for social peace and justice, and for the unity of all Christians. The prayer prepared for November 17 was for "national and international disarmament and the abolition of compulsory military service, according to the recommendations of Pope Benedict XV."

An interesting statement on the war has been signed in England by Vera Brittain, John Middleton Murry, H. M. Tomlinson, Clive Bell, A Ruth Fry, Gerald Bailey, Enid Charles, Ruth J. Egerton, Hugh L'A. Fausset, R. Ruggles Gates, Dorothea Gibb, T. Edmund Harvey, D. Caradog Jones, E. B. Verney. L. C. Martin, James Avery Joyce, and H. E. Karl Jordan, all more or less prominent in literary circles, peace work, the business world, and progressive movements.

Declaring that an alternative way to peace, instead of a long-drawn-out war is possible, these British signatories assert that "Hitler clearly can be deposed only from within. To win the support of the German people we must show ourselves at least willing to listen to terms of peace, from whatever quarter they come. If they be unacceptable, we must be ready with counter-proposals. These should be generous and constructive, but safeguarded by appropriate conditions. To end the present anarchy of rival sovereign states, full scope should be given for the free expression of national culture within a federal constitution.

"The situation has been radically altered by Russia's entry into Poland. Let us seize this opportunity for doing now what we should have done long ago—acknowledge the errors of Versailles and make another beginning with a newly defined Poland and Czechoslovakia. All the governments concerned should agree to call a truce and give judicial consideration in conference to all these delicate issues."

The Quaker Executive Committee in London, England, has issued a statement to "Our Fellow Christians." This statement, or message, has been sent to us in the following summary:

"Every day war is prolonged ideals fade and hatred grows. Whether peace comes early or late, the need for peace-makers now is urgent."

Had the democracies shown a neighborly spirit when they were in a position to dictate policy, the message continues, the existing regime in Germany might never have appeared. Christians must share the blame. However, "may there be no more acquiescing by Christians in the pleas of political and military necessity. Christians must keep alive right standards now.

"The fact that our country may have left itself with no way to meet aggression but that of force, is no reason for those to forsake their faith who have consistently urged that evil cannot be cured by war. All convinced pacifists, whether of long standing or of recent date, should stand firm, declaring the truth as they see it in the spirit of peace-makers."

The sincerity of those Christians who are throwing all their energies into the prosecution of the war is not doubted, but, states the message, "they are treading a perilous path, for in these matters, as with coinage, the inferior is likely to drive the better out of circulation."

The message concludes: "There is a way of God for every situation. If out of the suffering and perplexity of our time a world is born in which men live together as members of one family, it must be the way of Christ. His way means the indefatigable effort to overcome evil by good, whatever the consequences. This is peacemaking."

Nofrontier News Service sends from Brussels the following dispatch in "What's Happening to War Objectors":

Authoritatively it may be stated that in England not one conscientious objector, at least up to early November, was in prison. Complaints are frequent by pacifist observers that the tribunals are growing more and more hostile, more and more determined to engage the sincerest war resisters in argument, and more and more inclined to repeat as if they were new ideas the stale old shibboleths of a quarter century ago. Questions like this are sometimes asked: "Would you feel happy if you heard that our army had all run away?" On the other hand, the objectors while high-minded for the most part have had in their ranks a few whose disapproval of war seemed based on temperamental individualism, as in the case of one young man who stoutly asserted that if he found in the street a person injured in an air raid he would do nothing to help him.

On the whole, the British authorities are showing a patience that might not be expected in time of war, and the public a tolerance and even an understanding, credit for which must be given to the peace work of many anti-war organizations in the past two decades.

In Germany reports persist of extensive executions for war resistance, but the *Nofrontier News Service,* which has made efforts to learn the facts counsels the utmost caution in accepting as true any mere rumors which indicate either wholesale killings or wholesale refusals to fight.

From English sources reports have emanated that in France absolute refusal to participate in the war, even by alternative service, is punishable by death. It is clear that certain French war resisters believe this and have written to friends abroad. They are themselves taking up work in caring for the war wounded. Again, the greatest caution should be used in evaluating such reports.

On the other hand the fate of numerous well-known French pacifists is certain. Thirty-one of them, including literary figures with an international repute, signed a pamphlet which was distributed widely throughout the country. The character of the signatories and their previously known views is a guaranty that the pamphlet was neither pro-German nor "defeatist," as everything is labelled by the French authorities which contradicts the official point of view. But according to various statements picked out of the French press and reports freely circulated in literary circles in Paris, all of which bear the stamp of authenticity, the majority of those signing the pamphlet have been taken into custody.

Among those arrested is the eminent philosopher and author, Alain, whose real name is Emile Auguste Chartier, and whose writings, not known in America, are widely followed in England. Another is Professor Félicien Challaye, a distinguished intellectual. Another is the novelist, Victor Marguéritte, who in recent years has been an active and uncompromising pacifist, though he formerly was an army officer; he was expelled from the Legion of Honor in 1922 for a play which injured the sensibilities of pro-military circles. Another is Marcel Déat, Minister for Air in the Cabinet of Premier Sarraut, in 1936. Another is Jean Giono, novelist winner of the Brentano Prize in 1929 and the Northcliffe Prize in 1931. Others are Henri Bataille, Georges Pioch, Henri Jeanson, Michel Alexandre, and Maurice Wullens, all of whom have been widely known for liberal and left activities, but none of whom has ever been an adherent of Communism, which is everywhere being stamped out by force.

It appears that three of those on whom the hand of the law has descended have been spared confinement in prison because of their comparatively advanced age: MM Challaye, Alain (who is 71), and Marguéritte (who is 73).

Religious pacifist leaders such as Henri Roser, International Secretary of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, and Philippe Vernier, Protestant pastor, have been imprisoned but nothing is known about them in detail.

Activity on behalf of conscientious objectors is no longer permitted in Belgium; even a part of the ceremonies at the grave of a young war resister, Berten Fermont, who died some years ago, were recently interfered with by the

authorities. Jan Keutermans, arrested last summer for pacifist activities, was tried at Antwerp on October 4 before a military tribunal. The Military Auditor prosecuting the case demanded a double sentence, six months for desertion in time of peace, and three years for desertion in time of war (although Belgium is still and emphatically neutral by every conceivable kind of governmental proclamation). However this demand did not prevail, and the young war resister received a sentence of eight months, which he will serve in the Begijnenstraat Prison at Antwerp. Some of his friends described the sentence as "almost human." Henrik Spiessens, one of the two young brothers who served a term in prison previously for conscientious objection, is behind bars at Brussels, in the Prison de Forêst. His case was supposed to come up for judgment on October 11th, but as his defending attorney would not attend it was postponed indefinitely. A third young man, a member of the Catholic Youth Action for Peace, is also awaiting the action of the authorities on his case, in the same prison; he has signified his willingness to perform service of a non-military character. Toward such cases the attitude of the authorities has not, apparently, been clearly defined.

Holland has a law that exempts from military service young men who are willing to accept non-military work of public value, and for a more extended period of time than their military service would require. Exemptions are only granted after a hearing which satisfies the authorities of the applicant's sincerity. The number of those appealing for alternative service has been growing rapidly, almost 1,100 cases being known. Some 75 men refused to enter the army at the time of the general mobilization.

The whole situation in the belligerent and neutral countries is a difficult one alike for sincere war resisters and the governments to whom pacifist activities appear obnoxious. Difficult in unexpected and complicated ways. For along with those who have steadfastly held to a point of view that cannot be reconciled with the war method, there are voices crying out against the conflict for reasons of the most expedient and sometimes even venal nature. For example, Sir Oswald Mosley, British Fascist leader, thinks the war is the work of Jews and wants peace. The Communists everywhere, who were all for the war until new orders came from Moscow, are now all for peace—with Hitlerism. There are groups everywhere who are not pacifists but who believe that a peace conference to attempt a reordering of Europe will have to be held at the end of the war, and that it can be held now better than after Europe exhausts itself in slaughter. It is no easy task for the unsophisticated official to sort these elements into their proper pigeon-holes. That the British are doing so as tolerantly as they are, will, if they keep it up, constitute a credit to their record and an education to other lands.

The Study Table

The Whole Bible

THE BIBLE OF MANKIND. *Compiled and Edited by Mirza, Ahmad Sohrab.* 743 *pp. New York: Universal Publishing Company.* $5.00.

THE BIBLE OF THE WORLD. *Edited by Robert O. Ballou.* 1440 *pp. New York: The Viking Press,* $5.00.

It is an interesting, perhaps a significant, thing that these two handsome and highly useful volumes should be published within a few months of one another. The fact surely indicates that the Bible has not lost its hold upon public attention and reverence, and that the true Bible includes scriptures other than the Old Testament of the Jews and the New Testament of the Christians.

Both books present the scriptures of the great universal religions of mankind: Hinduism, Zoroastrianism, Buddhism, Confucianism, Taoism, Islam, Judaism, and Christianity. Mr. Sohrab's volume adds Bahaism to the list and Dr. Ballou's volume appends to the Old Testament certain rather poorly and meagerly chosen passages from the Apocrypha. *The Bible of Mankind* is primarily an anthology of selected sayings or golden texts, whereas *The Bible of the World* is a compendium of the holy books themselves, in condensed or abbreviated form. Mr. Sohrab classifies his selections under certain headings; Dr. Ballou presents the scriptures of each people as they stand in the accepted canons. An admirable feature of *The Bible of Mankind* is an introductory essay in each one of the world's great religions. Dr. Haridas Muzumdar writes on Hinduism, Dr. Har Dayal on Buddhism, Mr. Chih Meng on Confucianism, Dr. Mousheng H. Lin on Taoism, Rabbi Louis I. Newman on Judaism, Dr. Eliot White on Christianity, Dr. Edward J. Jurji on Mohammedanism, and Mr. Sohrab himself on Zoroastrianism and Bahaism. In *The Bible of the World,* Dr. Ballou contents himself with a somewhat elaborate and very able introduction, together with important notes appended to his texts.

Both books are admirable, each in its own particular way. It is perhaps fortunate that of two books covering identically the same field, each should be built on a distinctive plan of its own. The books thus supplement rather than compete with one another. Of the two, *The Bible of the World* seems to us the more thoroughly satisfying piece of work. Its scholarship is unimpeachable, its range enormous, its printing a work of art. Here are not selections from scriptures but the scriptures themselves—a veritable library of Bibles—from which we can make our own particular selections. But it is invidious to make comparisons, or indicate preferences. These are two volumes of unique value, edited by men who understand the universal character of religion and the common inspiration of man's witness to his inner faith. We think, as we ponder these treasures of the spirit, of the great saying of Zwingli, "Everything that is true is God's word, whoever may have said it."

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

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Reviewed in this issue by
Dr. John Haynes Holmes

Three Notable Books

GOD IN HISTORY. *By Otto Piper.* 189 *pp. New York: The Macmillan Company.* $2.00.

CHRIST. *By W. R. Matthews.* 149 *pp. New York: The Macmillan Company.* $2.00.

SUFFERING: HUMAN AND DIVINE. *By H. Wheeler Robinson.* 230 *pp. New York: The Macmillan Company.* $2.00.

Macmillan's publishing house has long stood as a tower of enlightenment for the English-speaking world. It has united America and Great Britain into a great spiritual and intellectual unity. All this is proved again by the recent appearance of three books, two by eminent British scholars and one by a former German scholar who came to America via England and the Quakers. The latter, Otto Piper, recently made Professor of Systematic Theology at Princeton Theological Seminary, is the successor of distinguished men whose influence went deep into the spiritual life of America; and his book, *God in History,* promises to keep alive the great tradition. The book is the outgrowth of lectures delivered at the University of Edinburgh and is a careful study of the contribution which Christianity has made to the interpretation of history. It is thought-provoking throughout, and will prove the needed stimulant to many a bewildered mind in the midst of today's chaotic world.

The Very Reverend Dr. Matthews, as the Dean of St. Paul's, is the successor to that great poet of the seventeenth century, John Donne. And Donne would have liked this interpretation of Christ which his able successor has written. It is a summary of what recent scholarship has amply demonstrated, tinctured with a profound knowledge of the Gospels which adds a note of originality and authority. There is no better study of Jesus in the same brevity.

Principal Wheeler Robinson of Oxford is known to all scholars everywhere. This book is the latest in the "Great Issues of Life" series, edited by that modern saint, Rufus Jones, the man who some day will be ranked with George Fox and William Penn. Robinson's book, which is introduced by Jones, deals with the present problem of suffering. With the world out of joint as it is today, everybody must grapple with the meaning of suffering, and nobody can do better than read and meditate on this book which traces what men have believed about suffering from the Old Testament, through Shakespeare, to the continuation of the World War. Get these three books, read them together, and then take hope.

CHARLES A. HAWLEY.

Turn to the Interpreters: The Poets!

Poets who interpret this era are lacking, according to Edward J. O'Brien in the introduction to his latest collection of short stories. Lacking in Mr. O'Brien's library they may be, but not in *Verse Craft, Wings, Poetry World,* and the other better poetry journals and not on the new book shelves, especially those that house the books issued by the publishers who specialize in poetry of merit such as the Banner Press, House of Harrison, and Wings Press. Mr. O'Brien but reveals that his ignorance of contemporary poetry is as great as his knowledge of contemporary fiction. UNITY is itself well represented in new poetry volumes.

Never doubting that "our life was meant for joy," strong in his faith that "men win their way by joining hands with God," the Reverend Arden Murdock Rockwood perceives "the truth is that by which man lives," sees himself "blessed by men unknown to me" and therefore owing it to justice to be "bringing some joy to those who have it not," and embodies his vision in *Joy on the Way.*[1] He glorifies conscientious objectors as "heroes of brotherhood," wonders what a foe would learn if marching on a rebel town they found its men "never shooting others down," and with music, imagery, humor fights for the ideals for which UNITY stands.

Light-shod comes *Feet of Dawn*[2] by Lillian Parcell, and shadows flee. In the cycle of wonder lost music there may be but now rises the dove of innocence clear above the old world of error as we see advance triumphant the feet of dawn introducing a new age of harmony and happiness. Mystical is her work, occult many of her references, yet clearly does she see and show

> The monuments to greed and lust . . .
> Are slowly crumbling into dust

and in her luminous lines ecstasy sings in loveliness.

Though the ears of the gifted Mary Reed Joslin are usually held by such sounds as marimba music, "the light and shade of the forest played," her eyes by Spanish moss, "a fringe of wind-blown reveries," and flying fish and other sights that charm in *Spanish Moss,*[3] she also sees that

> The dragon of greed runs rampant
> And fires of misery crackle where he treads

where because of him "youth is a plant without fruitage" and "age a withered tree." But she sees waters rise "from springs of love" that will put out the fires and slay the dragon.

Even where eyes are usually focussed on such time-honored themes as gardens and stars as in Mary Morris Duane's *Star Drift,*[4] they are viewed with greater understanding, and in accompanying poems there is more sympathy than a few years ago there would have been. After all, the new frontiers of the mind in physics, astronomy, biochemistry are at least as modern and worthy of interpretation as life in a brothel, racing stables, or prizefight ring beloved by many modern fictioneers.

Do you remember *War Brides?* Its author presents in *Iridescent Days*[5] poetry that is a bit bookish, a little labored, but in close accord with the spirit of this magazine. She observes to what madness we are driven by "gilded whips of trade" but foresees men "loyal to one humanity," "whose 'good will' transcends both flag and race." You would enjoy this book, largely in free verse, by Marion Craig Wentworth.

The title poem of *On Wings Too Wide for Doubt*[6] by Irene Kirby Surenson seems to us a great poem, brilliant in imagery, powerful in rhythm, as is most of her work. In it she sees a cup

> Larger than earth, as large as Law,
> Tall as the skies, as dazzling as Truth.

Drinking, she perceives all is within her own heart, sees how sins have been dropped in "Time, the bottomless bay," and reaches spiritual assurance of universal peace and joy. In "Rich Man to Lazarus" she declares, "None of us thrives if he stands apart."

Even the young poets still learning their medium are interpreters in the making. For instance, Sharon O'Neil in *New Gold*[7] gives us "Rhythm," a truly splendid poem of unity, evolution, and God at work today in the deeds of man, "Urging Creation to climb."

"All thoughts that man has ever hasped are lighted

by one Flame," affirms Floyd Irving Lorbeer in *Out of the West,*[8] in which he prophesies of "when shall be ended racial fear" and "knowledge, love, and labor shall gain their own." A true poet despite an antiquated technique, he hears the mountains singing, sees evolution as a spiritual process, and declares, "I am the son of Light and sod." We eagerly await further work from him.

Though "the frantic stars gallop to doom in their haste,—this light in you and me will light every sky," Ida Elaine James declares of love—and "only love makes stumbling clay divine"—in the impressive title poem of *The Deathless Flower.*[9] What we must fight against is "the real god, Hate, and his sweet creed of tooth and claw." Her strength and honesty often make you catch your breath. "The sky grows black, the earth bleeds red." For now

> Virtue is prostrate, peace is prone,
> Love in a concentration camp,
> And hate and all its deeds alone
> Maneuver, goosestep, harshly tramp
> The harassed harvest everywhere:
> Is there no answer to our prayer?

"The Laundry" is admirably strong in sympathy with "the slender, wilted girls, the living dead" who are "condemned to spend their hours in the fetid steam" where "speed is lord" . . . as are many of the other poems of this important interpreter.

But this is all too general, too abstract, not realistic enough, Mr. O'Brien might argue with considerable justice. Then we would flash on him two new books by contributors to these pages, each a prolific and distinguished poet, a pioneering thinker, author of other well-received books. We would hand him *Hear Ye the Court!*[10] by Jack Greenberg, leading Los Angeles attorney, editor, columnist, radio figure, intrepid spokesman for minorities. This book should be required reading in every law training and recommended reading in every sociology, current events, and contemporary literature course. A great intellect's masterwork, it brilliantly analyzes humanity as it is seen today in that test tube of law and disorder, the police court. Then we would press into his hands Gorden LeClaire's *Though Quick Souls Bleed.*[11] Now in the front rank of North American poets, he presents in this handsome volume more than a hundred magnificently lush poems, many as pointed and specific as an economic analysis but all of them superbly lyrical.

And as for sheer realism of seeing the world from the seamy side and telling on it without overlooking its beauty, too, Loren Phillips in *Songs of the Cinder Trail*[12] has most storytellers backed almost off the map that he has so well covered in his travels in this land. Not parlor cars but freight cars have carried him, not to hotels but to "jungles" and flop-houses.

One argument would be left Mr. O'Brien, "But these are exceptions!" In rebuttal let us produce as exhibit *The North America Book of Verse.*[13] In its five large volumes there are 2,300 pages of what is on the whole very good poetry, and on not one of them did we see, among a multitude of poems of interpretation, a single glorification of war. Three thousand, three hundred and twenty-two poets are represented, with Alaska, Hawaii, Canada, and each state in the union having a section of its own. Nature poetry dominates. But there are many attacks on war, capitalism and the whole Unholy Trinity of Speed-Greed-Need. Were we a geography teacher, we would gladly toss aside a thousand maps if need be to make time for classes to study these books; they would learn so much more from them! A monumental contribution to American culture!

Is further proof needed that poets who are interpreters abound? It is present! See another exhibit, *Music Unheard,*[14] edited by Margery Mansfield, a two volume collection of poems hitherto unpublished, chiefly poems so boldly interpretive that, despite their merit and the reputation in many cases of their authors, other editors had refused to publish them or the poets had not even tried to secure publication for them. Yes, as always before for interpretation turn to the poets.

Unquestionably the best newspaper column of poetry in the country is "Choir Practice" run in the Charleston, S. C., *Post* by that delightful poet and discriminating critic, Ellen Carroll. Now the cream of her column for several years has been gathered in a most attractive brochure, rich in social and spiritual significance. I enjoyed it so much I loaned it to a friend; the friend has gone on a trip and I have forgotten its name! But turn to Athie Sales Davis' *Anthology of Newspaper Verse* each year, a volume that should be required reading for every student of public affairs, as no other volume is such a nation-wide mirror of what the folk are feeling, and you will find "Choir Practice" strongly represented.

RALPH CHEYNEY.

[1]*Joy on the Way,* Rev. Arden Murdock Rockwood, with preface by Lucia Trent and Ralph Cheyney, Banner Press, Atlanta; [2]*Feet of Dawn,* Lillian Parcell, with preface by Lucia Trent and Ralph Cheyney, Banner Press, Atlanta; [3]*Spanish Moss,* Mary Reed Joslin, Banner Press, Atlanta; [4]*Star Drift,* Mary Morris Duane, Chapman & Grimes, Inc., Boston; [5]*Iridescent Days,* Marion Craig Wentworth, J. F. Rowny Press, Santa Barbara, Calif.; [6]*On Wings Too Wide for Doubt,* Irene Kirby Surenson, Christopher Publishing House, Boston; [7]*New Gold,* Sharon O'Neil, Pyramid Press, New York; [8]*Out of the West,* Floyd Irving Lorbeer, Progress-Bulletin, Pomona; [9]*The Deathless Flower,* Ida Elaine James, Greenberg, New York; [10]*Hear Ye the Court!,* Jack Greenberg, Parker & Baird, Los Angeles; [11]*Though Quick Souls Bleed,* Gordon LeClaire, Banner Press, Atlanta; [12]*Songs of the Cinder Trail,* Loren Phillips, Blue River Press, Shelbyville, Ind.; [13]*The North America Book of Verse,* House of Harrison, New York; [14]*Music Unheard,* edited by Margery Mansfield, House of Henry Harrison, New York.

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